Darkwatch: The Lost Other

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Darkwatch: The Lost Other

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Summary

In this world there are Others, Children of Twilight. Humans with supernatural abilities. Some are Light. While some are Dark. Each unique in ability and strength.

A disturbing case takes the attention of the Nightwatch. Seven Others, regardless of Light and Dark, had gone missing without a trace throughout Minnesota. Unable to find any leads to these disappearances, the Watch appoints officer Will Graham, a Light Other with Dark Other abilities, to the case. These disappearances also catch the attention of the Daywatch who is also looking into it. The two Watches reluctantly decide they must work together pairing one of their own, a Doctor Hannibal Lecter, with Graham. Tensions are high and trust is nowhere to be found.
A child lost will soon be found again.

Grim Beginnings

Virginia 2010

"We have an assault and battery taking place on 3135 Water Street. An available unit to 3135 Water Street." The radio buzzed. Officer Will Graham picked up the radio and spoke.

"This is Officer Graham, I'm in route, over." He said before making a u-turn down dark the street. It had been an uneventful day for Officer Graham and he knew that this night was gonna have something in store for him.

The policeman pulled up to the apartment complex called the Arbor Point and got out. He started walking to the the apartment that called when he heard a scream. Hand over his gun, instinctively Will ran toward the cries. In a foliage filled courtyard of the complex there was woman on the ground, spouting blood from her neck. He checked to see if she was conscious. Her breathing was shallow and she seemed unresponsive. Her blood soaked into her hair and clothes dying them a deep red. He grabbed his radio.

"I need an ambulance to 3135 Water Street immediately!" Will said over the radio to any that would listen. A shadowy figure loomed in the distance watching the officer. Will heard the rustle and jumped up, alert and ready to defend himself. A moment later he felt a presence behind him and turned around, gun drawn. Nothing but trees and darkness. The hairs on the back of neck still stood up. Something was here. He knew it.

"This is the Norfolk Police! Come out with your hands up!" Graham called into the night. His only response was crickets and a dog bark in the distance. He stood his ground near the victim. Suddenly Will felt a violent shove sending him on his knees. A biker, rather tall and pale stood before him.

"It's rather rude to disturb a man's meal don'tcha think?" The man said in a gruff voice before kicking Will in the stomach with incredible force. Will wheezed and fell forward. The blond biker brought his attention back to the woman. She had bleed out during their altercation.

"Fuck! She's dead! Now what am I supposed to eat?!" The man growled then kicked Will again. Will was sent flying back a few feet. Just then the biker heard the voice of a passing woman and a child. His mouth twisted into a fanged smile.

"Looks like it's my lucky night, copper." He said vanishing before Will's eyes. The officer was disoriented and in pain. Using all his strength, got to his feet. He had to stop him. Will knew what he was now. The leatherclad man was a Dark Other, a vampire. He was warned to stay out of the affairs of Others. They had their own government. Their existence had only been made known to the police four years ago. They had no jurisdiction over them. Yet Will couldn't let this thing kill somebody else. He just couldn't. Will scrambled for his gun and limped after him.

In the parking lot he spotted him holding the little girl by her neck. The child struggled under his grasp. The mother crying and begging for him to let them go. Will grabbed his radio to request back up.

"I have a dead body on 3135 Water Street. There's a vampire and holding a family hostage. I need back up. Over." He explained. The line went silent before dispatch replied.

"Officer Graham, if it's an Other then you have to get out of there. We can't intervene with their affairs. Over." The officer huffed and charged in anyway. He aimed his weapon at the vampire. He could hear his radio buzzing. The dispatcher asking if he was complying. He ignored her.

"Police! Don't move!" Graham ordered. The vampire looked over at him through his shades and let out an exasperated sigh.

"You know, you're really starting to piss me the fuck off!" He said before dropping the child. Right before she even hit the ground, the biker sprinted at him then suddenly vanished. Will looked around ready to fire. The vampire reemerged from nothing and lunged at Will. He fired at him before the Other disappeared again. He knew he had hit him. There were a few splotches of blood on the pavement. He could see it trailing toward him. Will steadied himself and waited for an opening. The biker manifested but Will was ready. He grabbed onto him, trying to subdue him but it only made the vampire take a step back onto his own shadow. Suddenly they both were snatched from their realm to one of a sepia tone. It looked the same as where their world but everything around them moved at a far slower pace. The very air seemed thin and Will felt very weak all of a sudden. The vampire shoved Will off him and pulled out his hunting knife. His wounds had stopped bleeding. Will saw there was a soft blue glowing seal somehow shining from his chest through his shirt. The officer groggily aimed his gun.

The vampire chuckled. "Humans don't last long in the Twilight. You're gonna die and so will that mother and child." Will looked at them. They looked frightened and seemed almost frozen, statuesque. He couldn't let them die. He would save them even he if it meant to die in this Twilight. The vampire charged at him, Will just nary missed being cut. He got to his feet and took a few clumsy steps back. He could feel himself being drained of his energy, his life. Will stumbled and attempted to fire his gun at him again but the vampire kicked it out of his hands and stabbed him in the shoulder. Will screamed and fell to the ground. The vampire grabbed his ankle and tossed him onto a parked car. Somehow it didn't set off the car alarm despite the force of the blow. He yelped in pain and lugged himself up, only to fall to the ground beside the car.

"Stupid cop trying to play hero. I should stop playing around and just kill you here and now." The blond vampire said making his way to Will. He felt defeated. He tried so hard to uphold his vow to protect and serve but between the Dark Other and the Twilight he didn't have much of a chance. Will propped himself against the car tire. He was just about ready for the end when he saw a crowbar near the tire.

"Got myself a nice starter course. I wonder what you taste like, cop?" He sneered. The vampire bent down beside him and exposed Will's neck. Will reached for the crowbar and gripped it as tight as he could. The vampire brought Will's neck close to his face. Before he

could bite him, the officer jammed the crowbar deep into the Other's chest, impaling him. The vampire stared at him, wide eyed, before gagging and coughing on his own blood. The crimson leaked from his lips, down his bearded chin. He fell back and lied there on the ground, motionless then busted into a pile of ash. Will laughed softly then stilled. He saved them. Whether or not the family knew meant little. He felt the Twilight taking him but he felt content. He closed his eyes.

"You're not done yet, Graham." A voice said. Will opened his eyes. He saw a being crouched beside him. It had human form but light shined from it and it had iridescent wings.

"Are...You...An angel?" He managed to say. The being pulled him up and over their shoulder.

"Sorry we're late but you just rest now." The being advised. Too exhausted to challenge it's request he slept. When he woke up he was back in the normal world. He couldn't make sense of what occurred. He was lying on the pavement. The morning sun starting to rise. He was surrounded by a several people.

"What happened?" Will asked groggily. A woman with long black hair smiled at him.

"You went into the Twilight. And well... You're no longer human, Will." She gently explained.

"I don't understand...." He said closing his eyes. He was just doing his job. Now he was somehow an Other?

"Come with us, Will. We'll help you to understand." The woman said extending her hand. Will squinted at her, contemplating. After a moment he finally took her hand.

An Unwanted Proposal

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Quantico, Virginia

Present Day

Professor Will Graham stood before his pupils. He clicked the remote and the slide behind him showed a gruesome image of a mangled body. The corpse lay upon the floor, eyes dull and empty, in a pool of it's own blood. The students hushed at the sight. All eyes were to the front.

"We've all thought about killing one way or another. Be it by your own hand or the hand of God." Will said to them. He glanced around the dark room at his students before he looked up at the slide.

"Now think about killing Mrs.Marlow. Why did she deserve this? Tell me your design. Tell me who you are." He said collecting his papers. With that the students took their leave. One of them kindly turned the light on as she left. Will paid them little mind but he could sense a powerful Other coming into his lecture room. He didn't react but he did brace himself. A man entered the room, observing the surroundings as he approached Will.

"Hello Mr.Graham, I'm agent Jack Crawford, head of the Nightwatch in this division." The stocky man introduced himself. Will continued packing his brief case, glancing at the man. His jaw clenched and unclenched, clearly uncomfortable by Jack's presence.

"We've met." Will said dully. He tried to avoid eye contact. Though Jack took it as a sign he should get closer to him. Boring into Will's head with his stare before speaking.

"Yes. We had a little disagreement." The Nightwatch official picked up the remote from the podium and looked through the various slides of Mrs.Marlow's body. Will brought his eyes up at him.

"One I don't care to bring up." He said quickly. He didn't want to get involved again with the Watch. It was clear they didn't want him. He was for lack of better word "unique." When he went into the Twilight he became a Light Other but his abilities suggested otherwise. Many of his own kind found him uncomfortable to be around.

"Hm." He said changing the subject.

"I see you hitched your horse to a teaching post. Teaching humans how to find human killers. With such abilities like yours, It seems a little beneath you, don't you think?" His eyes went from the projector to the annoyed man in front of him.

"At least they're less likely to try to get into my head like you've be trying to since your arrival." He countered. It wasn't like Jack even tried to hide the psychic intrusion of his mind. His head had been aching since he walked in. Jack pressed his lips and looked down a moment knowing he'd been caught.

"I'm sorry. It's bad habit of mine." He confessed. Will eyed him. If there's one thing he hated most it was people trying to get inside his head.

"It's just intriguing. You are far more talented than you think. You can empathize with anyone and you can see a person's past through just touching a personal belonging. You're fit for better things."

"If there's something you want to say just say it!" Will huffed. He was growing tiresome of his vague conveyances. Jack leaned over the podium only a few inches away from Will's face. His face hardened.

"I need to borrow your abilities." Jack said enunciating each word. The teacher stiffened then grabbed his brief case and books. He knew there was no getting out of this.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is pretty short. It gets better tho. I promise.

The Eighth Victim

It was a long drive to the Night Watch headquarters. Will drove in his own truck following agent Jack Crawford. Anxiety gnawed at him like tiny maggots feeding upon a carcass. He didn't want to come back here. When he left he hoped it was for good. The Watch isn't one for letting it's agents go. What made him think that he'd be, he did not know.

'Would they still fear me?' Will silently wondered. Being a Light Other with a "dark" gift made other Light Others uncomfortable. Fear was an emotion Light Others strived to overcome. Will on the other hand excreted fear. His gifts made it hard for him to distinguish what was his emotions and what was not. It made him quite unstable as a person and an Other. Even before he became an Other he struggled with an undiagnosed hyperempathy disorder. Now that he was an Other, his profound compassion and strong psychometry made being in the field difficult. It also made his fellow colleagues avoid him. Not that he liked their company anyway.

Jack's car halted to a stop in a lot of The Hanson Light Co. He saw him park and did the same. Jack got out and stood in front of Will's truck before disappearing into the Twilight. Will sighed and got out. He exhaled sharply before entering the Twilight. Jack was waiting for him within the sepia colored realm. Now they stood before a building that didn't exist outside the hidden realm, the Night Watch headquarters.

"Have you kept on your basic training?" Jack inquired him as he walked by his side. The Twilight realm could be quite draining and even deadly without proper training. Newly initiated Others had to take courses to learn to use their abilities lest their own power consumes them. Learning to enter and travel through the Twilight was one of the first lessons of an Other. Will nodded and started walking towards the building.

"Good. Good. I suppose I'll give you the briefing then." Will glanced at him before pulling the door open. As soon as they entered, the Twilight dissipated.

"Eight Others have been abducted from eight different Minnesota campuses. All young women." Jack explained. They passed cubicles with busy Night Watch agents. Phones rang and the sound of typing filled the room. Some looked shocked to see Will. The empath ignored them. He felt deeply uncomfortable being back here. He was still the talk of the Quantico Night Watch Division. Many here would love nothing than to study him.

"I thought there were just seven girls? When did you tag the eighth?" Will asked perplexed. He heard the story on the news though status of them being Others wasn't announced in the media. Jack led him to a conference room.

"Just shortly before I entered your lecture hall." He said as he entered the room. Will walked after him closing the door behind him.

"You say abductions because there are no bodies?" The awkward man stated. Jack flipped over a bulletin board with pictures of the missing Others.

"No bodies, no parts of bodies, nothing that comes from bodies. Not even traces of energy. Nothing. We believe an Other had to be responsible for this. Possibly a Dark magician." Crawford suggested. Will eyed the board. He was hesitant to go near it. He brought his attention back to Jack.

"Maybe they weren't taken from where you think they were. You said the victims were both Light and Dark Others?" Will spoke as he finally approached the board. He scanned the pictures of the young women.

"So this means-", Will started but Jack's voice cut him off.

"Yes, It means the Day Watch will be investigating this as well. It's a loss to both the Light and Dark." The older man growled. His disdain toward Dark Others was apparent. Most Light Others felt the same way. The Dark and Light were once at a stalemate in a hidden battle for thousands of years. Despite that Will didn't dislike Dark Others. Will stared at the images and the map beside it. Jack stood beside him.

"If they weren't taken from the campus then where?" He asked getting back to the matter at hand. Will was quiet for a moment trying to keep himself under control. His abilities, much like his emotions, were hard for him to keep a hold of.

"I don't know. Some place else." He responded.

"All these girls were taken on a Friday meaning they wouldn't be reported until Monday. So however he's doing it, he needs the weekend cover his tracks." Jack stated.

"Who was number eight?" Will asked softly.

"Alise Nichols. 19 years old. Light Other. From the St.Cloud campus. She was supposed to come home and house sit while her parents were away but never made it home."

Will kept his focus on the board. "One through seven are most likely dead. He's not keeping them around."

"So we focus on Alise Nichols then."

"They all seem very...Mall of America. Lots of wind chaffed skin." Will commented.

"They're the same height, same weight, roughly the same age, hair color, eye color. So just what is it about these girls?"

"It's not all these girls. Just one of them. He's collecting them. Like Willy Wonka. And amongst all those candy bars is his true intended victim and if we follow through with our metaphor is our golden ticket." Will said as if he was out of breath.

"So is he warming up for his golden ticket or reliving whatever he had done to her?" Jack asked looking over at Will. The dark haired man licked his lips before speaking.

"She wouldn't be the first. And she wouldn't be his last. He would hide how special she was. I mean wouldn't you?" He looked at him. Jack nodded in thought.

"I need you closer to this." It wasn't exactly a request. Will immediately declined.

"You have Heimlich in the New York division and Bloom in yours. Both are exquisite magicians. You don't need me." He began grabbing his stuff.

"You have very specific abilities that would be beneficial for this." Jack said trying to sway him. Will shook his head. He found Jack's remark quite ironic.

"There's a great deal of talk about my abilities. I can't help you Jack. I'm not fit for the field and you know it." Will said heading toward the door. Jack pressed his mouth into a flat line.

"This is a loss that will take us a while to recover from, Will. The balance still tips towards the Dark even though they too have lost their own. The very least we can do is find out what happened to them. You can help us." Jack plead. Will paused and let out an sigh.

"That may require me to be sociable."

From the Twilight

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

St.Cloud, Minnesota

Will stood uncomfortably, away from the human couple sitting at the table as Jack spoke to them. He could feel their shock, angst, and sadness pulse through him like waves. It made him anxious and nauseous. The parents of deceased woman sat at the kitchen table distraught and in tears.

"...She looks like other girls?" Mrs. Nichols asked in a sniffle. Her blue eyes full of concern. Will could feel her emotions flucuate. If felt like disbelief mixed with shock. Jack kept a neutral composure as he answered.

"She fits the profile."
Mrs. Nichols covered her face in an attempt stop herself from sobbing. Will scrunched his eyes trying to seperate his feelings from those around him. He opened them when he heard a soft 'meow.' The Empath looked at the curious feline.
Cats exist in both the Twilight and our plane of existence. The cat looked at him, into him. He wondered if the cat was aware Alise was dead.
Mr. Nichols clenched and unclenched his jaw.

"Could Alise be alive?" He asked in a dry voice. His emotions struck the Empath before the man even opened his mouth. Anger, confusion, and sadness flooded him.

"We simple have no way of knowing." Jack responded. Having heard and felt enough, Will spoke.

"How's the cat?" He blurted. The emotions in the room stirred from sullen to surprised. Mr. Nichols response was delayed.

"I'm sorry?" He looked at the Night Watch officer then to his superior. Jack looked at Will in concern. His emotions were controlled and steady, thankfully.

"The cat.... It must have been hungry. It didn't eat all weekend." Will explained. He felt all their eyes on him. Before Will could say anything further Jack pulled him aside, excusing himself.

"Will..." He began to reprimand him.

"He took her from here. She took the train. She fed the cat. There's still traces of her energy here. She was here, I'm sure of it." He sputted avoiding his eyes. Jack thought to himself for just a moment before taking out his phone.

"The Nichols's house is a crime scene." Jack said into the phone. The Nichols jolted up in fear. Jack continued his call as Will made his way over to Mr. Nichols.

"Why is it a crime scene now?" The father asked. His emotions radiating panic and concern now. Will ignored him and his emotions.

"Can I see your daughter's room?" He retorted. Mr. Nichols silently got up and lead him through the quaint house. The cat followed behind them.

"The police were here just this morning."

"I understand- But please try not to touch anything." Will instructed. He could feel his agitation form at his words. The cat suddenly bolted toward the room, pawing and sniffing. This alerted the officer. He picked up the cat.

"You can hold the cat if it's easier for you." He handed them to Mr. Nichols before taking a handkerchief out of his pocket to open the door. There was nothing. Just a room with minimal furniture, a closet filled with clothes and a bed covered in quilts. It looked undisturbed. But the cat in man's arms stared at the bed and he knew.

"Would you mind giving me a moment?" Will asked, strained. The man nodded perplexed and walked away. Once alone, he concentrated on his shadow. It twitched and shuddered. He made it stretch and raised so it formed an inky, black doorway infront of him. He stepped through and disappeared from this plane and into the Twilight.

In the Twilight the room looked the same but foggy, hazy, and sepia toned. On the bed, a body layed. It was Alise. Gored and lifeless. Her pale skin stood out against the color scheme of the Twilight. She had to been put there recently. For it doesn't take long for the Twilight to take what it has been offered. The Night Watch agent could see the demension slowly feeding on the body. Little wisps of white smoke seemed rise from around the body and into the world itself. He had to work fast or the body would disappear from existence all together.

Will touched her clammy, cold hand and with great mental stamina pulled her body out of the Twilight with him. Without warning he saw it. From Alise's last memories, emotions that still lingered around her body.

The assailant worked quickly, quietly as to not wake the sleeping girl. Then when ready they struck, slamming their knee into her chest, instantly winding her and cracking her sternum. Before she could inhale, let alone react. He could feel her panic. The killer's hands were at her throat. She only briefly felt pain before the lack of blood and oxygen caused her to pass out. He felt her pain and then nothing.

There was a feeling she got from him before she died, purpose. Being an Other Alise could sense things much like Will can. He needed to kill her. For what reason was yet unclear. Her residual energy left him that clue.
Along with her energy there was something else. A foreign energy. It must have been the killer's. It was haunting and remorseful. Will focused on it. Taking on this energy as though it was his own. The killer regretted this. This shouldn't have been. They tried to fix it as best they could. Will could smell dead meat and for a second see antlers all around him,

surrounding him and the body. His ears ringed and his head felt heavy. A thought crossed his mind.

'I'm sorry.'

There was a deafening sound as though there were a million people whispering at once. He couldn't think. He heard these whispers turn into shouts, screams, and sobbing. It filled him with so much agony. Will forced himself to withdraw. It was getting to be too much.

"Jack!" The disturbed man called out. He was already in the room with his forensics team. The Night Watch agents kept their distance despite wanting to help him. Will's emotions permeated all through the house. He had unintentionally projected these grotesque flashes and negative emotions to those around him. In the door way stood the Nichols staring at their daughter's body in horror and beside them sat the cat.

"Alise...." Mr. Nichols gasped in horror and disbelief.

Night Watch officers took the grieving parents aside so the investigators could do their work. Will stepped away from the body and turned to look at the people who had just entered the room. Will opened his mouth to speak but Jack put up a hand to silence him.

"We saw." Was all he said. Will simply nodded and moved to leave.

"I need some air." He said excusing himself. The other agents looked at him in curiosity and fear. Will hated that look.
He left the room and waded through the numerous officers, one of them was talking with Mrs.Nichols. Will felt disoriented. He lumbered to the door trying to get out of clamouring mix of emotions. He didn't notice Mr. Nichols coming his way and bumped into him. His abilities took hold again.

For an instant he saw life from Mr. Nichols perspective. He realized his name was Mark. He saw Mark on the day his daughter was born. The joy he felt holding her in his arms. Alise's first day of school. The excitement and fear for her but knowing she would be okay. The day they discovered Alise was an Other and that she had to leave to learn how to control her new abilities. The loss and understanding that she wasn't like him anymore but he loved her all the same. And like nothing these thoughts dissipated. It must have been what Mr. Nichols, Mark, was thinking about.
Mark looked at Will with sullen, hollow eyes before continuing on his way to his wife's side. The Empath watched him briefly then headed out into the night.

Chapter End Notes

I'd transfer these chapters faster if I wasn't editing them so much. I also notice I'm over using the word sepia. Ugh.

That aside, thank you for the kudos everyone. I wasn't sure how well this would go over.

Expected Intrusions

The frightened, scruffy man stood beneath one of the trees near the victim's home. He took in the fresh air and tried to ground himself. Will felt the cool air against his skin and listened to the trees rustle. He could still sense the Others moving about the property. It didn't matter. Will ignored them and tried to clear his mind. His headache started to fade and his emotions stabalized.
His thoughts wondered to what he'd seen. What he felt. Who he was feeling. The killer was most definitely an Other. Their actions were not one of an evil person. At least not evil in a conventional way. Will was slowly forming an understanding of the killer and in doing so found some comfort now that he could differentiate his feelings from the other.
Just as he was starting to calm down the agent sensed more Others heading his way. Dark Others.

'It would only make sense that the Day Watch would show up.' The Empath thought. He imagined Jack wouldn't be very pleased. But these murders have been of both Light and Dark Others. The Balance was being effected and both sides were becoming more anxious. They all could feel an ominous change in the air. Even before the murders. These killings were leading up to something but none knew what.
Will summoned his shadow and ducked into Twilight dimension. Here he could see the glimmering auras of the Others shining as they walked around and through the structure of the house. He turned toward the road. In the distance though faint, the agent could see the faint yet growing auras of the approaching Day Watch. He closed his eyes and sent a telepathic message to the Head of the Watch.

"The Daywatch are on their way, Jack." Will sent.

"We know." His voice thudded through Will's mind. Jack sounded unsurpised and annoyed. He got an impression of the head investigator. He was speaking with a curly haired man with the trimmed facial hair who kept giving Will weird glances. Two other agents were there working around them. Probably collecting samples and taking psychic images of the surrounding energies that still lingered. Will was about ready to leave for the night when Jack sent him another telepathic message.

"You saw what we needed to know." Jack started. The agent halted near his car, listening.

"This is a break through for us. But you can't just leave yet. The Day Watch need to be briefed too. They may even question you. We will fax them the case info but remember to tell them only that which they must know and nothing more." He could almost see him holding a finger up as he said the last sentence in his mind's eye. He could feel his purpose. He meant it.

"Understood." Will said aloud before fading out of the Twilight.

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It didn't take long for the Day Watch to arrive. They were known for being really early or really late. It shouldn't have been a surprise but Will was still perplexed as to why they would be late on a case like this. A nice sports car came barreling down the street and screeched across the pavement. Parking just a little too close to their Watch truck. It was a wonder no nosey neighbors had peaked from their windows to see about all the noise.
'They're probably using spell to make them less noticeable to humans.' He thought as he watched a young man and an older woman got out.

"Last time I'm letting you drive." The woman said straightening her coat. The younger man let out a little snort but didn't argue. The two Day Watch agents approached the the nearest Other. The young man wore a black suit and had light brown hair. He approached Will first.

"Day Watch agent Maurice Shepard. You must be.... Night Watch?" The brunett scanned him. Looking through the Twilight at his aura. "You don't look it but you do have the markings. So what's this then about a another dead girl?" The chatty Other asked. Before Will could answer the older Dark Other interjected. She had long black brown hair and sunglasses on despite it being night.

"Now be nice. We are supposed to consult Jack Crawford first before we go harassing the other agents. Come on, Dog." The woman said passing by them as she walked in her low heels to the Nichols's house. Maurice jerked at the name and followed after. It then occurred to him Maurice was in fact a shapeshifter. Funny. Will loved dogs. But certainly not that one.

Trouble with Others

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will stayed around the scene long enough to relay to the Day Watch what he saw. It was already uncomfortable being a Light Other that exuded so much fear and anguish. He could almost hear them feasting on it. Or at least they would have if he were still human. The Dark Ones thrived off negative energy much like how the Light fed off the positive energy of humans.
Now that every Watch operative and human in the thirty foot radius knew what he had seen it was best he got going before someone tried to pry into his head again.

"Will." A female voice called him out. Will rested his arm on the open car door and sighed softly to himself. He just couldn't catch a break. He faces their general direction but avoids eye contact. It was the dark haired Night Watch agent. They were more familiar with each other. It felt different to see her after so long.
"Beverly… Didn't sense you there. Been a while." He says out of courtesy, lacking any real emotion in voice. Beverly smirks and crosses her arms looking him over.
"Getting rusty on us?" She says presumptuously. Will slams the car door feeling this might take a while.

"If you mean back there-" He goes to defend himself but Beverly cuts in.
"I mean you letting your guard down so easily but we can talk about back there too." She says casually walking next to him. Their relationship was that of mentor and student. It's been years but she hoped that still had some value.
"Your retrocognition and empathy still gets the best of you." The agent stated, standing beside him. The pair stood backs to his car looking out to the busy instigators.

"Yes." Will says, sounding weary. Beverly zips up her jacket feeling the autumn chill creep on her.
"And you thought teaching humans would make this improve somehow?"
Will shakes his head and sighs audibly. "I thought it would… Keep me busy. Human emotions are easier to thwart. They're predictable. And they don't go nosing around in my head or go "Gee that Graham sure seems Dark." So yes, in some way I did think it would improve things."
Beverly listens to him, judgement absent from her expression and her emotions that danced around her aura.
"I don't think that's fixing the issue Will. I mean in there you didn't just show what was done to the victim to us but to her parents too." Beverly rationalizes. Will lets out a grunt opens the car door once more.
"I don't have time for this. I have a plane to catch" Will dismisses himself. His emotions flavored up giving the very clear distinct impression he was irritated.

"Will please." She calls after him. He closes the door after himself and starts the ignition. The agent watches as he drives off.

It's deep into the night when Will arrives home in Wolf Trap. Even with the innumerable abilities Others possess it still didn't beat modern transportation. During the drive to his home he spots a stray by the side of the road. The poor thing was caked in mud and filth and still had rope dangling from around its neck. After some coaxing the man was able to retrieve it and brings the friendly mutt home with him.
The case is far from over but Will continues his routine of getting up early, taking care of his dogs, and heading to work at the Federal Bureau of Investigation as a teacher. Class goes without intrusion. His pupils sit in the auditorium seats faces cast in a glow from the projector. Rarely did he hold true conversation with the cadets at the Bureau. It's one of things he liked about the position.

As his lecture comes to a close for the period his students shuffle out. From the corner of his eye he sees a lingering student.
"Could you grab the light?" The professor asks them from his desk. Lights blink on overhead. Will smiles in their direction only for it to slip into a frown.
"You look displeased to see me Will." Jack speaks.
"How long have you been here?" Will ignores the statement. "Furthermore how did you get in without me noticing?"
"You're far too trusting of mortals Will. It's made you sloppy." Jack answers approaching his desk. He flicks his wrist toward the door. It slowly and heavily swings shut. The lock fastening into place.

"We need to talk." Jack continues. Will closes his laptop, folding his hands over it. Jack looks around at the lack of chairs then pushes papers aside and sits on his desk. Will makes a mental note to get a chair specifically for uninvited guests.
"You respect my judgement Will?"
Will nodes not looking at him. "Yes."
"Good because we stand a better chance of catching this guy with you in the saddle."

"Yeah, I'm in the saddle. I'm just, um, confused which direction I'm pointing." He explains. "I don't know this kind of psychopath. I've never read about him. I don't even know if he's a psychopath. He's not insensitive. He's not shallow." Will thinks back to what he saw that night. The pain. The remorse. His breath hitches and his emotions magnify. No. No. No. Will reigns in his thoughts. Jack watches him unconvinced.

"I know what you've shown me and I know what I'm seeing right now." Jack presses.
"I'm fine! More than fine." Will shoots up from his desk to actually meet his eye level. As soon as he does so he regrets it.
"You said this was an apology. What was he apologizing for?" Jack decidedly moves on. Will looks down studying the wood grain of the oak desk for a moment.
"He couldn't honor her. He feels bad." He shares. Jack pushes off the desk and gets back onto his feet.
"Well, feeling bad defeats the purpose of being a psychopath, doesn't it?" Jack challenges now leaning over his desk looking at him.
"Yes! It does." Will nearly shouts backs.
"Then what kind of crazy is he?!" He roars making the lights flicker and the papers on his

desk scatter. His dark eyes trained on Will as he waits expectantly for a reply. The profiler sits back down in his office chair trying to keep his composure.

"He couldn’t show her he loved her, so he put her corpse back where he killed it. Whatever crazy that is." Will throws his hands up in the air.
"You think he loves these girls?" Jack repeats the hypothesis.
"He loves at least one of them. A-And, yes, I think by association he has some form of love for the others.There's tenderness in his emotions. He treats their corpses with care."

"There was no semen, there was no saliva. Elise Nichols died a virgin. She stayed that way." Jack countered.
"That's not how he's loving them! He wouldn’t disrespect them that way! He doesn’t want these girls to suffer!" Will can feel his emotions rising. No not his own. The killer's. The lingering impression it made on him. It made Will feel so defensive. Wronged even.
"He kills them quickly and to his thinking, with mercy."
Jack pauses at lost in thought. Some about what he said clicked in mind.
"Sensitive psychopath. Risked getting caught so he could tuck Elise Nichols back into bed…."

"He has to take the next girl soon ’cause he knows he’s gonna get caught. One way or the other." The agent looks down at the papers that fell to the floor. When he finally feels a handle on his emotions Jack was gone. Satisfied with what he told him he hoped.

Chapter End Notes

So I still haven't let this die yet apparently. Only had this idea in my head for five years lmao. Anyway thanks to the few readers I've gotten. I appreciate everyone's patience. I might be tweaking previous chapters to fix some overused words, add details etc. I feel like I've grown as a writer and want my old writing to somewhat match these upcoming chapters.

Unforseen Partnerships

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

With some reluctance, Agent Will Graham returns to the Night Watch headquarters. The body still held its clues. The forensic science team tended to the Light Other's body before they had to release it to the Dark. Joint cases like this made both sides nervous. Justice and balance needed to be restored. On a metal table, the only remaining corpse of the Minnesota serial killer laid cold and pale.
"Okay. Tried her skin for prints: of course nothing. We did get a hand spread off her neck." A short man with thinning hair reported. A little, black tape recorder was placed on a metal tray beside the table whirring away. Will, being a guest examiner, stayed quiet for the most part. He mostly drifted off into the darker recesses of his mind where he reconstructed the crime from pain and shadow.
"This killer was elusive, careful, purposeful. This was done to meet his own ends. To ensure she would still be with him." Will concludes, arms folded across his chest. The forensic team continues working, half listening to the profiler.

"Report say anything about nails?" His former mentor inquired as she flipped through the paperwork.
"Fingernails were smudged when we took the scrapings. The scrapings were from her own palms when she scratched them. She never scratched him." The curly haired man from the night before responded.
"Piece of metal is all we got." Beverly sighs in thought. Will took that in and thinks on the lead instead.
"We should be looking at plumbers, steamfitters, or tool workers." Will adds to the statement.

Wounds on the victim's torso are displayed. Even circles making a tapering, almost V shape on her chest. The team speculates and argues over its source. Then in a flash, Will sees it- Elise Nichols's body hangs suspended from the ground. The smell of blood and stale air gets caught in his nose. The buzzing of flies drones in his ears, drowning out the voices of his colleagues as the same old fear emits from him like a stench. He shuts his eyes tight; not to force the image away, but to focus on it.

"Will?" Beverly says gently with concern now alerted by the thickening, violent aura he was producing. His body had replicated that of the killer's- cloudy and tainted with scarlet. The agent puts a hand up, indicating to her to remain where she was.
"She was mounted on them... Like hooks. She may have been bled." He relays, his mind still caught in the vision. Hands, not his own, work tenderly on the body. A knife cuts into the dead flesh but hesitates as something feels off. There's something wrong; some small imperfection but what? The bloodied hand slipped into the incision. There! There's the malignancy. How couldn't he have seen it sooner?
"Why would he cut it out if he’s just gonna sew it back in again?" The short man pondered face twisted in perplexity as he reopened the cavity.

"Something's wrong with the meat." Will breathes out opening his eyes. The unit looks at Will as they put the pieces together.
"She has liver cancer." One of them announces holding the organ in his gloved hand. Will nods knowingly looking haunted.
"He's… Um he's eating them." Will states, his mouth had gone dry. On some level he mourned for her. This wasn't what he wanted. He internally shakes his head at the thought. Not him, the killer. Will was still straining his emotions and thoughts from his.

Ample information was found even if the evidence didn't provide a who, it gave a 'why.' Now the Night Watch had to relinquish the body and evidence to the Dark Ones. It didn't sit right with some of them. For Old Ones the ancient rivalry ran deep. The Truce still stood promising dignity and protection of the body but neither side was truly trusting of the other.

After signing off the paperwork on the body, it gets loaded up and ready for transport. Will gets ready to return home, but an analyst with tawny hair and empty eyes approaches him.

"Agent Graham? Mr. Crawford wants you in his office."

Will changes course and heads to the head office. For once he wasn't the topic of discussion as he passed the cubicles. There were many different emotions swirling around. Curiosity and resentment were the two most prominent. A tension hung in the air like humidity. Almost damp and palpable. If he had to guess he'd say the Day Watch probably arrived for Nichols's girl. Will chose to move on, not all that interested in what the office drama was. Typically, these joint matters were handled by the Inquisition. A neutral court of the highest order and often the punishments passed by them were cruel as they were cryptic. Both watches were working on this case and hoped the matter could be resolved quickly enough.

Will knocks on the door with the metal plaque stating his boss's name and title.

The blinds were shut and it looked dark from what he could tell. The head district director answers with an "It's open". Turning the handle, he finds Jack in a room that wasn't his office. The room was dark, spacious, and empty aside from a desk with two chairs in front of it and a few of his office furniture. It looked more like the interior of a storage facility. LED strip lights lined the ceiling casting a harsh white glow at the center of the unit. Its corners and edges were shrouded in darkness. Three other people are present. A well dressed man is seated by an empty chair, left for him presumably. The other two stood around. He got the distinct impression they were more so overseeing than actively participating in whatever was going on.

Dark Ones. The two standing were Day Watch. Their auras glowed with sigils and seals giving off a red glow when viewed through the Twilight. Both dressed in lavish fresh off the runway apparel that was ill suited for the occasion. Day Watch was notorious for their materialistic ways. The woman was the same from the Nichols's crime scene, and even indoors she wore her designer glasses. Beside her was someone Will never saw before, a much younger man, maybe early twenties, with an angular face and almond eyes. The Other was texting away on his phone, and only just now looks up at the newcomer. Will almost frowns at the absence of the chatty dog.

"I hope I'm not intruding." He struggles to speak up, trying to readjust to the strangeness that was the Others. The Night Watch headquarters was a vortex of disdain. No wonder everyone was on edge.
Jack motions for him to come in.
"Not at all. We've been waiting for you. Since everyone is here, we can get started. If you would please close the door behind you." As Crawford begins the meeting, Will self-consciously pushes the door closed, the sound of the latch clicking all too loud in the confines of the room. Curious, he observes the other side before making his way to the seat. There was nothing. Just more storage room beyond it.

Jack gets up from his chair. The woman with the sunglasses approaches Jack, standing directly across from him. Long, jet black hair is swept to the side to clear her face. Her hand rests on the seated gentleman's shoulder as her dark gaze is locked onto Jack's. A feeling like pressure dramatically changing makes the hairs on Will's arms stand up. Then in unison both close their eyes as they draw upon the Twilight to recite the Great Treaty.

The words are not spoken from memory, as that went against the treaty rules. The red words cascade down behind their closed lids as they speak it aloud in a twin voice.

"We are the Others

We serve different forces,

But in the Twilight there is no difference between.

The absence of darkness and the absence of light.

Our struggle is capable of destroying the world.

We have concluded a Great Treaty.

Each side shall live in according to its own laws,

Each side shall have its own rights.

We delimit our own rights and our own laws.

We are the Others

We establish Night Watch

So the forces of Light may monitor the forces of Darkness.

We are the Others

We establish the Day Watch

So the forces of Darkness may monitor the forces of Light.

Time will decide for us."

Will felt inclined to follow his boss's lead but it ended as quickly as it began. The stoic woman steps away back to her spot off to the side, her long coat trailing behind her.

"Now that we all have been reminded to remain civil, I will get to the matter at hand. Day Watch is overseeing this matter with us. As Light had chosen their champion, so to speak, so has the Dark," Jack tells the two Others before him. The elegantly dressed man with slicked back hair glances at Will in fascination. He pretends he doesn't notice, keeping his eyes trained on Crawford.

"No offense, but are you going to introduce us or-" The slender male Other interjects from the corner, raising his hand. Heads turn to look at the flashy man standing by the filing cabinet. The woman, Will assumed to be his superior, pinched the back of his neck in a silent but serious warning. His muscles clench up and he shrugs away from the grasp.
"Forgive the rudeness. Allow me to introduce ourselves." The female agent speaks over her subordinate. He has a pained expression and then pouts in an over exaggerated manner like that of a child.

"I am Vera. This is Leon. He is a new field agent. Our "champion" as Agent Crawford put it, is Dr. Hannibal Lecter. You are familiar with him are you not?" She tilts her head as she asks the last sentence.
"Yes we are acquainted." Jack confirms.
Hannibal smiles knowingly. Will rubs his palms on his knees, a nervous tick of his, uncomfortable at being out of the loop.
"You will be as well, Graham." His boss promises.
"I don't think I follow."
"You, and Doctor Lecter here, will be looking into this as part of your respected alignments. It just so happens that the doctor is already in good standing with another acquaintance of yours. While you have little to gain from returning to your duties as a Night Watch agent, from what we gather, you're unbiased. It's quite preferable, really," Leon explains incisely. The Shapeshifter's smirking lips shined with a glossiness Will found repugnant. Jack scowls at Leon. As negative emotions begin to build Hannibal addresses the matter at hand.

"Tell me then, how many confessions thus far?" Hannibal steers the conversation onto the case on hand, causing Jack to tear his cold stare away from Leon to acknowledge the doctor.
"Twelve dozen, the last time I checked. None of them had any details until this morning. And then they all had details. Some genius in Duluth PD took a photograph of Elise Nichols' body with his cell phone, shared it with his friends, and then that Other, Freddy Lounds, posted it on Tattlecrime.com," Crawford replies, his anger now directed back at the current case. Will listens intently but doesn't move to look at either of them.

"She found a way to make a simple click bait site readable through The Twilight for Others to read. I'd be damn impressed if I wasn't appalled."

"Tasteless," Will comments. Hannibal's gaze flickers towards him, his maroon eyes full of intrigue. He wasn't the only one. He could feel Day Watch burning a hole into the back of his head.

"Do you have trouble with taste?"

Will looks up at Hannibal, accidentally locking eyes with him. He quickly drops his gaze, feeling a tingling sensation along his spine. Hannibal moves to catch his eyes once more. Will stops trying to avoid his cues to interact with him and faces the doctor head on. "Not fond of eye contact are you?" It was closer to a statement rather than a question.

"Eyes are distracting, you see too much, you don't see enough. If they're an Other it gives them advantage to cast something on you if you're not careful. So, yeah, I try to avoid eyes whenever possible." He says curtly. Vera shuffles a little at the statement. Will turns the conversation over to his boss. "Jack?"

Hannibal continues, not giving Jack time to speak. His energy was heavy and invasive as it leaked from him. "I imagine what you see, feel, and sense touches more than your psyche. Your very being is molded by the things you consciously or unconsciously absorb. Your values and decency are present yet shocked at your associations, appalled at your dreams." Just how he was able to read him so quickly, Will was uncertain, but it stung. He looks at Hannibal with shock.

"Are you in my head?!" Will snaps at him on the defensive. He hated prying minds.

Hannibal keeps his composure unbothered by the Light Other's accusation. The heaviness fades away. "I'm sorry, Will. Picking up impressions is what we with empathic powers do. I can't shut mine off any more than you can shut yours off."
Will appears doubtful.

"Let's keep non-case related impressions to ourselves now." Vera comments, adjusting her glasses. The shapeshifter was seated on the filing cabinet next to her, legs crossed. "We need you two be at least friendly in each other's company till we get this case solved. Dr. Lecter here, is a renowned psychiatrist among mortals and has helped us on cases in the Day Watch from time to time. He's a strong Dark Mage." Hannibal is unfazed by her candor on his behalf. He blinks owlishly at her then turns back to Will.

Psychiatrist huh? His powers must be well fed from his human clients. Will keeps this observation to himself.

"Since I'm going to need you back in the field, you'll be needing this." Jack continues on from the previous subject, his hand reaches into his desk drawer to present a pistol in a leather holster and a flashlight. He gently sets both down on the dark wood desk before them both.

"As for you Doctor, your Watch should supply you with needed supplies."

"Actually, Mr. Crawford, I have already declined to be armed. I'm not suited for combat, which is one of the reasons I never enlisted to Day Watch. That won't be a problem, will it now, Will?" Hannibal directs the last sentence to his new associate.

The profiler doesn't look at the man but relents and answers. "Just steer clear of the line of fire and we should work just fine." Will grumbles.

Jack sighs, folding his hands. "Both of you report back, preferably jointly, we can make copies and keep it on record. You will of course be checked in on by other agents. That should be all for now. You two are dismissed." Jack finished out the briefing.
The men get to their feet. Will wordlessly takes the items from the desk and walks back the way he came.

"I look forward to working together." Hannibal says politely then, walks in a different direction. There was a door standing there in the air made from cherry wood he hadn't noticed until now, and he watches Hannibal open it to reveal a lobby of sorts. After a few seconds he does the same, returning to the bustling Night Watch headquarters.

Chapter End Notes

Like I promised, a new chapter. I will be steering this away from a retelling of episode one to more original plotlines. Hopefully those of you unfamiliar with Night Watch lore will have some of your questions answered.

A huge thank you to my friends who proofread and helped edit this chapter.<3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!